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which Stanfield Leslie, Etty, Uwins, the Chalons, and other noted artists of this period were members. The club met periodically at each other's residences to sketch for a couple of hours, the subject being one proposed by the member at whose house the club met. The club is now extinct, Stanfield being the only member, we believe, still living. The drawings made by the club have occasionally come under the hammer to close estates, and lately a case of this kind has occurred, and a large portion of a collection has found its way to this country. Among these drawings are several by Stanfield, of shipping, boats and landscapes, several humorous compositions by Leslie, many by Uwins, Chalons, and others, all of interest, and many of rare value. Amateurs will do well to examine the drawings and take advantage of an opportunity to possess souvenirs of some of England's most cherished talent. Messrs. J. W. Bouton & Co., No. 87 Walker st., has charge of the collection. (See advertisement.)

CINCINNATI.—*Dear Crayon*: The artist association called the Sketch Club, gave last week an entertainment to their friends, consisting of tableaux, music and poetry. The tableaux were good and the music tolerable—the whole a success. For once the artists have been patronized in Cincinnati, strange as it may seem. The whole performance concluded with the distribution of about fifteen sketches executed by the members. The subject given was the word Labor. Some really fine sketches were produced. One by J. Beard is remarkable for its fine drawing. A little sketch in oil by F. C. Welsch, the landscape painter, representing an astronomer in his studio, is noticeable for the refinement which pervades all his productions. There were further some fine specimens by Eaton, Webber and others. E.

MR. BOOTH AS HAMLET.

Having had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Booth's performance of this most difficult of Shakspeare's characters, we desire to add our indorsement of its merits. A juster conception of Hamlet we do not remember to have seen. Discussions of Hamlet's madness as to whether it was real or affected, as well as of his "blunted purpose," strike us as trivial; and our opinion is confirmed by Mr. Booth's personation of the character. Hamlet is admitted to be Shakspeare's completest embodiment of the most refined, delicate and noblest points of man's character, the highest dramatic ideal of a moral purpose struggling with the subtlest passions of the world. All the virtues adorning man abound in him, and all the intellectual power that his surroundings would permit the play of, accompany them. He is bound, fettered, lost in the toils of corruption and he knows not, if he would, how to escape. Hence that exquisite irony which he employs against every character in the play, called the "madness," of "lord Hamlet;" and which he employs simply for his own protection and to satisfy himself of the general duplicity around him. Witness the play contrived "to catch the conscience of the king." Nobody escapes but Horatio, the type of the true and the honest sympathetic friend. Mr. Booth's rendering of Hamlet's madness, in his nice perception of the ironical element of Hamlet's character, renders the "method of his madness," plain as the sun at noonday.

If we had any doubts of this they would disappear in the scene with Ophelia, where, being placed by Polonius at her orisons, in Hamlet's way, Polonius and the king retreating behind the arras, Ophelia (doubtless prompted to do so by Polonius), tenders back to Hamlet the "rich gifts," that "wax poor, when givers prove unkind." Hamlet's sensitive nature tests her sincerity with the subtlest irony that man's intellect could generate. Ophelia does not stand the test. After Hamlet has uttered the humbling injunction of "get thee to a nunnery," reviling himself and confessing himself an "arrant knave"—which he does to reach the very depths of the soul of the woman who pretends to love him—he suddenly asks Ophelia "where's your father?" Hamlet knows—and Ophelia with conscious untruthfulness, replies, "*At home, my lord.*" Comment is unnecessary and metaphysical critics may settle this point as they please. Hamlet is satisfied of Ophelia's untruthfulness, "wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them!" Ophelia is not a Desdemona. A clear understanding of Ophelia's weakness will, in this view of her conduct, account for her subsequent insanity; it was the natural result of remorse. Hamlet's apparent indecision of purpose was but the tender resistance of a noble, delicate nature waiting to be forced into the act of vengeance, rather than seeking it. Such is our reading of Hamlet in Mr. Booth's performance of this elevated and subtle type of human character.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

PARIS — EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER. — "Lambinet's town atelier is on Montmartre, where most of the artists are. He has a pleasant little room, hung about with old tapestries, of course, and rendered snug, quaint and picturesque by time-honored and worn specimens of carved furniture; let this mention of tapestry and straight-backed chairs do for all the French studios, for you see about the same thing wherever you go. It is so fine that I do not see how they can do without it. Lambinet's little studio was made apparently much smaller by several large easels supporting large pictures which are being finished for the coming French exhibition. One of them represented a cool, shady, lily-pad covered, water-dock bordered, tree-overhung stream, the sunshine playing checkers with the shadows all over it. I looked away from it suddenly, and wondered why he had a fire in the room! There was another large picture of open country, very fine, but it did not place me on the spot like the other; then there was a smaller picture painted for a fortunate Bostonian—who may, when he gets it hung up in his parlor, lie back imaginatively under the trees in an orchard in full bloom, and dreamily peer through a vista of bending, interlacing boughs of dewy apple-blossoms and leaves, see a cottage door, and beside it a matron in the whitest of caps, 'spinning in the sun.' I am glad this picture is going to America. There were many charming studies from nature about the walls, although for that matter *all* his pictures might be called studies, for large and small he paints them on

the spot, leaving only the figures to be added and the corners to be sharpened up; his winter's work is principally to duplicate his summer's pictures."

"Since I last wrote to you there has been opened to the public two exhibitions. One the 'Art Union,' and the other a lottery for the benefit of the poor, of which the entrance fee is one franc, which gives you a chance to draw a picture. The exhibition is very fine; some of the best artists are finely represented. Rousseau has there the *strongest* landscape I ever saw. Ingres, a most lovely nude figure of a girl; Daubigny, a superb moonlight. He is one of the finest landscape painters in France—not as lovely as Lamblin, but greater. Gustave Doré has a large picture in oil of a party of strolling players; it is very rich in character and also very fine in color. There are also some photographs from his illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*, that show greater power of imagination than almost anything I have yet seen. But the greatest things of all are by Decamps, so rich and full in color, so fine in light and dark, and so carefully and masterly painted! They are an unceasing delight. Rosa Bonheur has a small picture, which is one of her finest in some respects. The principal figure is a house standing in the summer fields, dreaming and drinking in the soft sunshine."

"Merle's studio is not far from the Luxembourg. On our way there we passed by the atelier occupied by Rosa Bonheur, before she took to building chateaux at Fontainebleau. I cannot enter into anything like a satisfactory description of the sanctuary in which the fair Rosa made her fame, and the means to build castles with; for the only thing interesting that the high surrounding garden wall would permit me to see, was the right-hand upper corner of her studio window. It was the smallest possible shred of Rosa that one could bring away for his museum of remembrances, but it was next to having a very lively recollection of a personal interview, asking her why she did not get married, together with various other pertinent questions—then publish a full account of the visit as an enterprising correspondent of an American paper did not long since. I should much prefer a remote association. We will now proceed to Merle's. We were fortunate in finding him at home, putting the last fond finishing touches to his pictures for the coming exhibition. The subject of one is chosen from Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' This picture, from the nature of its theme, its artistic success, and the fact that I went on purpose to see it, engaged my attention more than the others. It is so fine, so full of the remarkable story from which it is taken, that it seems as if Hawthorne's pen alone could do it justice. Really, I feel a hesitation in attempting it. I have no doubt, if ink and paper were capable of blushing, you would find this, in its small way, a scarlet letter also. *Allons!* The picture is not a representation of any particular incident in the story, but simply a portrayal of the heroine, Hester Prynne, and the elf child, 'Little Pearl.' The action of the figures is very simple and natural. The mother is seated facing the spectator, on a grassy slope by the sea shore. The baby Pearl, fast asleep, is folded in her arms. On the distant shore that forms the background of the picture, are

seen 'Chillingworth,' and 'Dimisdale,' hurrying along, apparently in earnest conversation. Over all is a sullen grey autumnal sky—these are the materials of the work. The power of the picture is in the intensity and depth of feeling expressed in Hester's face, especially in the earnest, fate-searching gaze of her deep lustrous eyes—eyes that seem to be the barred and grated windows of an imprisoned soul. The passions have burned the roses in her cheeks to ashes—dragged down the graceful sweeps of the arching brow, pinched out the fullness of lip—yet still she is beautiful. The child nestled in her arms seems to have absorbed the lost charms of the mother. We see but the outline of little Pearl's cheek, but such an outline! So subtle that though the face is turned from you, you know that baby is smiling in her sleep. The sweetest part of the cheek (where the dimples play among the roses), is close against the blazing embroidery of the 'Scarlet Letter;' the baby hand is toying with the fatal insignia that burns like a brand into the heart it covers. In the working up of this part of the picture, the artist has shown how fully he has sympathized with the author. There may be one or two points of departure from the letter of the story, though not from the spirit of it. These I shall not mention, but let each one pick out flaws for himself. The tone of the picture is in keeping with the subject—grey, sombre and sad. Though in a different scale, it is fully equal in purity of color to his much-admired picture of the 'Good Sister,' in the Belmont collection."

G. H. B.

ERNST RIETSCHEL, SCULPTOR.—Rietschel, the sculptor of the great Luther monument about to be raised at Worms, died in Dresden on the 21st of last month, at the early age of 56. Germany is weeping for him as one of her noblest sons. He was born in extreme poverty, and affords another instance of the power of ability and perseverance over circumstances. His love for art showed itself in his earliest days, and he accomplished so much that in his sixteenth year he was able to enter the Academy of Dresden. Soon his industry procured him the prize in money given by the Academy; when he, who had been formerly deprived of all means of advancement, saw himself able to support himself and continue his studies.

He was persuaded to engrave his beautiful sketches and studies himself; but Rietschel decided on devoting himself to sculpture, and commenced forthwith his studies in modelling under the sculptor Pettrich. German art had just then begun to break through the chains of its old quaint style, and a new epoch was dawning. Dresden, however, had not yet been affected by the change. Thus Rietschel could learn from Pettrich but little more than the actual manipulation: his higher artistic cultivation was to proceed from other sources. Thus left, as it were, to himself, he continued, undaunted by the great difficulties he had to surmount, until he produced his first work, a statue of Neptune, eight feet high, cast in the iron works of Count Tinsedel, for a market fountain at Nordhausen.

In 1826, Rietschel was able to repair to Rauch, in Berlin. These first days at Berlin were the saddest, as the sculptor himself has said, of his life of struggles; for

Rauch would not discover any talent in him; and above all, took no notice of him. The shy, modest manners of Rietschel were not conducive to attract attention; and this, added to the cool, distant behavior of Rauch toward him, made him lose all confidence in himself.

While in this state of mind, he was one day drawing, in his leisure hours, two heads from nature, and his sketches drew Rauch's attention to him. The coldness of the master melted and vanished; and soon Rietschel distinguished himself so brilliantly among his fellow students, that Rauch bestowed upon him then, and during the rest of his life, an almost fatherly protection. Hence arose the strongest tie and filial dependence of Rietschel on Rauch; and, even when the former was at the height of his fame, he respected and followed the advice of Rauch in many of his works. In the second year of his residence at Berlin was adjudged to him, by the concurrence of the Academy, the first prize, to enable him to travel into Italy. As a foreigner, however, he could not claim the prize; and, had it not been for the urgent recommendation of the senate of the Academy, he would have enjoyed only the honor of having gained this well-earned reward. In 1832, he was elected Professor of Arts in the Academy. With earnest zeal, Rietschel gave himself up to his new sphere of work as a teacher, and laid the foundation of the school of sculpture which Dresden now possesses. But his own creative genius did not rest, and his unwearying industry was demonstrated by the numerous works that were produced at this time from his own *atelier*. We may not attempt to enumerate all his works, or to follow minutely the incidents of his life. His fame and position date, probably, from his statue of Lessing, which he finished in 1853 for a monument in Brunswick. Disregarding in this statue the conventional manner of representation, the universal mode of idealizing—the mantle and allegoric wreath—he strove to give to his statue life, nature, and individuality.

Rietschel later carried out the same principle of producing a statue which should be characteristic, life-like, in the well-known monument for Weimar of Goethe and Schiller. Both authors stand in the costume of their time, in easy attitude, close to each other; Goethe, looking neither up nor down, but fixedly and firm at the world as it is; lays his left hand confidently on Schiller's shoulder, and holds in his right the laurel wreath, which Schiller leaves untouched: the latter beholds, with his keen eagle eye (soaring on high), the world in which he seeks his ideal. So they stand, the realist and the idealist—as what the Germans feel in their hearts their poet heroes were.

Rietschel's greatest and best work, though open to criticism, is the Luther monument, already referred to. It exhibits the fruits of earnest study, in which the long-cherished ideas of the master are carried out. Besides the statue of Wickliff, the statue (colossal) of Luther is the only one completed. The whole of the groups of the monument are left in plaster. This statue of Luther is the crown and brightest close of Rietschel's career. Firm and immovable, full of inward conviction and deepest faith, stands the firm figure of the Reformer;

every inch a man; and, in position and expression, recalling the words he uttered: "Here I stand. I can do nothing more. God help me."

Rietschel was of a shy, still nature; and, with almost priestly severity, lived only for his art. Consumption, which had attacked him in his earlier years, and which, in 1849, obliged him to desist from work for one year, and necessitated his journey into Italy, finally caused his death.

In 1851, Rietschel received an invitation to Weimar; and, during the last few years, also to Berlin; where he was offered the post of director of the Academy, formerly held by his master, Rauch. In acknowledgment of his refusal of this, and for the services he had rendered to art, the Saxon government built him a house, and a comfortable *atelier*, which have been but of short service to the artist.

On the Saturday and Sunday morning before his body was taken from the house to the grave, he lay at the feet of his last two grand works, surrounded by a succession of friends, all bringing the usual German mark of respect—a *palm branch*, of a peculiar kind called grave palm, ornamented at the end with a bouquet of flowers, attached by a bow and long ends of white crape. On Saturday evening a requiem was sung in his *atelier*. His *atelier* was hung with black, lights burning round the catafalque, at the end of which, on a white satin cushion, lay the orders that had been conferred upon him in life. His eight pupils watched by turns around his bier. On Sunday, at eleven, the church bells tolled out their solemn tones, and the procession was such as had not honored any other man there for many a day. A military band, consisting of about eighty men, played alternately Beethoven's, Chopin's and Mendelssohn's funeral marches. Over the pall which covered the funeral car, decorated with embroidered gold and fringe, were placed the palm branches and other offerings, tastefully arranged, and cushions with wreaths of laurel; then followed his pupils, bearing palm branches; then a representative of the king and royal princes; then the minister, Beust, and other ministers; then the ambassadors, heads of the academies, directors of the theatre, authors, the heads of the press, the principal actors; all the artists in Dresden, headed by Haelnel, the best sculptor left. The procession was terminated by a long row of carriages, from those of the court and ambassadors to those of all the principal families in Dresden. It was a sad sight. A funeral oration was pronounced over him by the ministerial director of the Academy; then, one by one, by his pupils—short but full of feeling. The palm branches were laid over him in his grave. Each one present threw in a handful of earth, and all dispersed to their homes.—*Builder*.

BELGIUM.—The city of Antwerp is to hold a triennial exhibition the coming year, and it is to be made the occasion for a splendid fête to all the artists of Europe.—At Liege an equestrian statue of Charlemagne, by Jehotte, is in progress. Instead of representing the emperor as a warrior, the artist portrays him in his intellectual aspects, and with great simplicity and dignity. This work will be one of the most striking

monuments in Belgium. The sculptor Geefs is at present engaged on a marble monument, composed of several colossal statues, destined for America. For whom and to what place the monument is destined, is not stated.

ENGLAND.—Now that sculptors, engineers, painters, etc., are openly assuming the title of architects, without any of the requirements usually considered hitherto as necessary, it will be no matter of surprise should we hear some day of a lady architect; for undoubtedly there is much that can be well done in an office (and in fact *is done*, in one instance at least), by females. Drawing, writing, and coloring, are as easy for one sex as for the other. Superintendence of the works can be delegated. If an example be wanted, reference may be made to the daughter of Sir Christopher Wren, who is asserted to have been “a skillful architect;” she “has the credit of having designed several of the city churches.”—*Builder*.

“ALL SOFT AND BROWN THE UPTURNED
FIELDS.”

ALL soft and brown the upturned fields
Lie mellow in the sun;
The very skies yield auguries
Of better days begun:
A warmth, a fullness brooding there,
Which nothing else could bring,
A sense of blessing in the air,
The promise of the spring!
And shall the days of cloud and cold,
In truth no more be seen?
The snowdrop through the loosened mould
Sends up its spikes of green,
Fresh gold upon the willow falls,
Soft lights the uplands steep,—
A strange, sweet change whose coming calls
Such loveliness from sleep!

And I am glad as any bird,
It is a joy to be,—
There is no sound of life fresh-stirred
But brings delight to me.
The flow of brooks, the cock's clear call,
From distant hamlets borne,—
My pulse beats happy time with all
These voices of the morn.

O Nature! thou my first, best friend!
My earliest love, and best!
With us was never any end
Of confidence and rest:
Here, no reserve, but frankest speech,
No need for place apart—
I do not fear to let thee hear
The beating of my heart!

C. S. ROGEEs.

POSTSCRIPT.—ARTISTS GOING TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

ONE might vulgarly suppose that the artists would be the last class in the community to perform military service. When duty calls them, however, they can

show the fire of patriotism and self-sacrifice as well as any other body of citizens. We can but hastily allude to those who have already shouldered the musket, and are now on their way to Washington. Capt. Shumway, of the favorite N. Y. Seventh Regiment, is first to be mentioned, under the banner of which most have assembled. We hear of painters—among them Gifford, J. M. Hart, Whitredge and Baker; engravers from the two Bank-note companies; and architects—Clinton, Congdon, and some whose names as yet only float on the sea of rumor.

A period of civil war is not usually a harvest time for artists. Carried away by the needs and impulses of the hour, with the anxieties and cares, the losses and bereavements which follow in its train, few people remain sufficiently withdrawn from the popular movement, to bestow much attention upon the peaceful works of artists. War is destructive; art is constructive.

It is impossible to walk the streets or to cross the rivers in our ferry boats, without witnessing scenes which would make most effective groups for the pencil. The parting of friends; the enlisting rendezvous; the return of the slain of Baltimore to their homes; the faces of eager recruits and earnest debaters. On the departure of the Seventh Regiment, we observed a very pleasing incident that would make a good picture. One of the soldiers, in the midst of that great parting scene, looked sad and lonely—no one seemed to know him, nor was he able to see any one he recognized; his brothers in arms, on either hand, were bidden an affectionate adieu by near friends, but no one spoke to the solitaire, when a kind-hearted lady who had been watching him, just as the regiment was ordered to move on, threw him her own handkerchief, with a ring attached. The surprised and grateful look of the soldier, as he waved it with a cheered heart but tears in his eyes, may well be imagined. . . .

Nor solely or principally because conditions are getting equalized, democracy prevailing, knowledge and wealth extending, has the ground trembled and often given way in many countries of Europe. It is because men's minds are anarchic. The overarching of a common and catholic faith, which, like a great cathedral, kept men together, at once has gradually fallen into ruin and decay; and men have wandered to the four winds, and no man can say when they will assemble again. Not a confusion of tongues, but of ideas is our affliction. The mediæval Romanist, the 16th century Protestant, the old-fashioned Deist and the new-fashioned Pantheist, the man of science who believes only what he weighs and measures, and the ecstatic Revivalist who believes only what he wishes and fancies, meet in streets and houses, pass and glare at each other, and even speak and vociferate, but understand each other never. How can mutually repellent atoms harmoniously unite? For some vulgar domestic purpose, such as sewers and highways, perhaps it is possible; but for any higher combination we do but keep an armed peace.—*Literary Gazette*.